AN

ESSAY on MAN.

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AN

ESSAY on MAN.

BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

CAREFULLY CORRECTED.

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TO THE

A U T H O R

OF THE

ESSAY on MAN.

WHEN love's † great goddeſs, anxious for her ſon,
Beheld him wand'ring on a coaſt unknown,
A huntreſs in the wood ſhe feign'd to ſtray,
To cheer his drooping mind, and point his way.
But Venus' charms no borrow'd form could hide;
He knew, and worſhip'd his CELESTIAL GUIDE.

† Aeneid. 1.

Thus vainly, Pope, unſeen you would diſpenſe
Your glorious ſyſtem of benevolence;
And heav'nly-taught, explain the angel's ſong,
That praiſe to God, and peace to men belong.
Conceal'd in vain, the bard divine we know,
From whence ſuch truths could ſpring, ſuch lines could flow.
Applauſe, which juſtly ſo much worth purſues,
You only can DESERVE, or could REFUSE.

C.

TO THE CONCEAL'D AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY on MAN.

YES, friend! thou art conceal'd; conceal'd? but
Ever the brighteſt, more refulgent now, [how?
By thy own luſtre hid! each nervous line,
Each melting verſe, each ſyllable is thine.
But ſuch philoſophy, ſuch reaſon ſtrong,
Has never yet adorn'd thy loſty'ſt ſong.
Do'ſt thou, ſatiric, vice and folly brand,
Intent to purge the town, the court, the land?
Is thy deſign to make men good and wiſe,
Expoſing the deformity of vice?

Do'ſt thou thy *wit* at once and *courage* ſhow,
Strike hard, and bravely *vindicate* the blow?
Do'ſt thou delineate God, or trace out man,
The vaſt immenſity, or mortal ſpan?
Thy hand is known; nor needs thy work a name,
The poem loudly muſt the pen proclaim.
I ſee my friend! O ſacred poet, hail!
The brightneſs of thy face defeats the veil.
Write thou, and let the world the writing view,
The world will know and will pronounce it you.
Dark in thy grove, or in thy cloſet ſit,
We ſee thy wiſdom, harmony, and wit;
Forth breaks the blaze aſtoniſhing our ſight,
Enſhrin'd in clouds, we ſee, we ſee thee write.
So the ſweet warbler of the ſpring, alone,
Sings darkling, but unſeen her note is known;
And ſo the lark, inhabiting the ſkies,
Thrills unconceal'd, tho' wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY on MAN.

AS when ſome ſtudent firſt, with curious eye,
Thro' nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry;
His doubtful reaſon ſeeming faults ſurpriſe,
He aſks if this be juſt, if that be wiſe?
Storms, tempeſts, earthquakes, virtue in diſtreſs,
And vice unpuniſh'd, with ſtrange thoughts oppreſs:
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind he opens, fair is all he ſees.
Storms, tempeſts, earthquakes, virtue's ragged plight,
And vice's triumph, all are juſt and right:

Beauty is found, and order, and design,
And the whole scheme acknowleg'd all divine.
So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous plan,
Leading thro' all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.
This false, that ill-exprest, this thought not good;
And all was wrong which I mis-understood.
But reading more attentive, soon I found
The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound;
Saw man a part of that stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
Saw in the scale of things his middle state,
And all his pow'rs adapted just to that:
Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use,
How all to good, to happiness conduce:
Saw my own weakness, thy superior pow'r,
And still the more I read, admire the more.

R. D.

TO

MR. POPE.

By a LADY.

FATHER of verſe! indulge an artleſs muſe,
Juſt to the warmth thy envy'd lays infuſe.
Rais'd by the ſoul that breathes in ev'ry line
(My Phoebus thou, thy awful works my ſhrine!)
Grateful I bow, thy mighty genius own,
And hail thee, ſeated on thy natal throne.

Stung by thy fame, tho' aided by thy light,
See bards, till now unknown, eſſay to write:
Rous'd by thy heat unnumber'd ſwarms ariſe,
As inſects live beneath autumnal ſkies:
While envy pines with unappeas'd deſire,
And each mean breaſt betrays th' invidious fire.

Yet thou, great leader of the ſacred train,
(Whoſe Parthian ſhaft ne'er took its flight in vain)
Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the age,
Let wholeſome ſatire looſe thro' ev'ry page,

Born for the task, whom no mean views inflame,
Who launce to cure, and scourge but to reclaim.
Yet not on satire all your hours bestow,
Oft from your lyre let gentler numbers flow;
Such strains as breath'd thro' Windsor's lov'd retreats,
" And call'd the muses to their ancient seats:
Thy manly force, and genius unconfin'd,
Shall mold to future fame the growing mind:
To ripen'd souls more solid aids impart,
And while you touch the sense, correct the heart:
Yet tho' o'er all you shade diffusive light,
Base minds will envy still, and scribblers write.
Thus the imperial source of genial heat
Gilds the aspiring dome, and mean retreat;
Bids gems a semblance of himself unfold,
And warms the purer ductile oar to gold:
Yet the same heat assists each reptile birth,
And draws infectious vapours from the earth.

TO

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY on MAN.

By Mr. SOMERVILLE.

WAS ever work to ſuch perfection wrought!
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not ſparingly adorn'd with ſcatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze.
So breaks the day upon the ſhades of night,
Enliv'ning all with one unbounded light.

To humble man's proud heart thy great deſign;
But who can read this wond'rous work divine,

So juſtly plan'd, and ſo politely writ,
And not be proud, and boaſt of human wit?
Yet juſt to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mix'd with coarſe allay,
Our happineſs, to love, adore, obey;
To praiſe him for each gracious boon beſtow'd,
For this thy work, for ev'ry leſſer good,
With proſtrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.

The muſe, which ſhould inſtruct, now entertains,
On trifling ſubjects in enervate ſtrains;
Be it thy taſk to ſet the wand'rer right,
Point out her way in her aerial flight,
Her noble mien, her honours loſt reſtore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly ſoar.
Thy theme ſublime, and eaſy verſe will prove
Her high deſcent, and miſſion from above.

Let others now tranſlate, thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to men;

In virtue's cauſe ſhall glorioufly prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail,
Made wiſe by thee, whoſe happy ſtile conveys
The pureſt morals in the ſofteſt lays.
As angels once, ſo now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
Thy kind reforming muſe ſhall lead the way
To the bright regions of eternal day.

AN

ESSAY on MAN.

TO

HENRY ST. JOHN,

L. *BOLINGBROKE.*

Written in the year MDCCXXXII.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on human life and manners, ſuch as (to uſe my lord Bacon's expreſſion) *come home to mens buſineſs and boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *man* in the abſtract, his *nature* and his *ſtate*: ſince, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *being*.

The ſcience of human nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a *few, clear points*: there are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels as will for

ever eſcape our obſervation. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt, and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming, out of all, a *temperate* yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort* yet not *imperfect*, ſyſtem of *ethics*.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhime, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards. The other may ſeem odd, but is true; I found I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain than that much of the *force*, as well as *grace*, of arguments or inſtructions, depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious: or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandering from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning. If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently theſe epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will become leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage: to deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their *courſe*, and to obſerve their *effects*, may be a taſk more agreeable.

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Of

OF

AN

ESSAY on MAN.

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to the UNIVERSE.

OF man *in the abſtract*---I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things*, v. 17, etc. II. *That man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general order *of things, and conformable to* ends *and* relations *to him unknown*, v. 35, etc. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends*, v. 77, etc. IV. *The* pride *of aiming at more knowlege, and pretending to more perfection, the cauſe of man's error and miſery. The* impiety *of putting himſelf in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitneſs or unfit-*

nefs, perfection or imperfection, juftice or injuftice of his difpenfations, v. 109, etc. V. *The* abfurdity *of conceiting himfelf the* final caufe *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, v. 131, etc. VI. *The* unreafonablenefs *of his complaints againft* providence, *while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to poffefs any of the* fenfitive faculties, *in a higher degree, would render him miferable*, v. 173, etc. VII. *That throughout the whole vifible world, an univerfal* order *and* gradation *in the fenfual and mental faculties is obferved, which caufes a* fubordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of* fenfe, inftinct, thought, reflection, reafon; *that reafon alone countervails all the other faculties*, v. 207. VIII. *How much further this* order *and* fubordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *muft be deftroyed*, v. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madnefs, *and* pride, *of fuch a defire*, v. 250. X. *The confequence of all, the* abfolute fubmiffion *due to providence, both as to our* prefent *and* future ftate, v. 281, etc. *to the end.*

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (ſince life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of man; 5
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield; 10
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye nature's walks, ſhoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;

Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can; 15
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer? 20
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs, 25
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies, 30
Gradations juſt, has thy prevading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole!

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee? 34

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou [find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be, 45
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong? 50

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;

In God's, one ſingle can its end produce; 55
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole. 60

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then ſhall man's pride and dulneſs comprehend 65
His actions', paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions, v. 64.
Now wears a garland an Egyptian god.

After v. 68. the following lines in the firſt edit.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matters ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo
As who began ten thouſand years ago.

Then

Then ſay not man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought: 70
His knowlege meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo, 75
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer being here below? 80
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n, 85
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n:

Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt: 95
Man never is, but always to be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy, and confin'd, from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100

VARIATIONS.

After v. 88. in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's gnat ſhould die as Cæſar bleed.

Ver. 93, 94. In the firſt fol. and quarto,

What bliſs *above* he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bliſs *below*.

His ſoul, proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire; 110
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and, in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy opinion againſt providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch, 115
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:

VARIATIONS.

After v. 108. in the firſt edit.

But does he ſay the maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what ſtate he wou'd:
Himſelf alone high heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If man alone ingroſs not heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes, 125
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aſpiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aſpiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of order, ſins againſt th' eternal cauſe. 130

V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:
"For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
"Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew 135
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;

" For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
" For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
" Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe:
" My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies." 140
But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
" No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty cauſe 145
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
" Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
" And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happineſs,
Then nature deviates; and can man do leſs? 150
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline? 156

Who knows but he, whoſe hand the light'ning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Caeſar's mind, 159
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right is to ſubmit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 165
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
But ALL ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of life. 170
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? now upward will he [ſoar,
And little leſs than angel, would be more; 174
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd; 180
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own: 185
Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of man (could pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.

Ver. 182. *Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, etc.*] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for ſtrength, their ſwiftneſs is leſſened; or as they are formed for ſwiftneſs, their ſtrength is abated.

Why has not man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, man is not a fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n, 195
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain? 200
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that heav'n had left him ſtill
The whis'pring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not providence all good and wiſe, 205
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs: 210
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam!

Of

Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood!
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine, 221
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and reaſon, what a nice barrier!
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd; 225
What thin partitions ſenſe from thought divide!

Ver. 213. *The headlong lioneſs*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deſarts of Africa is this: at their firſt going out in the night-time they ſet up a loud roar, and then liſten to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the noſtril. It is probable the ſtory of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occaſioned by obſervation of this defect of ſcent in that terrible animal.

And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee! 230
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go! 235
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures aetherial, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee, 240
From thee to nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 238. ed. 1st.

Etherial essence, spirit, substance, man.

Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike, 245
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall. 250
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'ns whole foundations to their centre nod, 255
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break---for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!---oh madneſs! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head? 260
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling mind?

Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains, 265
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body nature is, and God the ſoul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' aetherial frame; 270
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part, 275
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt ſeraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

VER. 265. *Juſt as abſurd, etc.*] See the proſecution and application of this in Ep. iv.

X. Ceaſe then, nor ORDER imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere, 285
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canſt not ſee; 290
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good:
And, ſpite of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

VARIATIONS.

After v. 282. in the MS.

Reaſon, to think of God when ſhe pretends,
Begins a cenſor, an adorer ends.

EPISTLE II.

ARGUMENT.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to Himſelf, as an individual.

I. *THE buſineſs of man not to pry into* God, *but to ſtudy* himſelf. *His* middle nature; *his powers and frailties*, v. 1 to 19. *The limits of his* capacity, v. 19, etc. II. *The two principles of man*, ſelf-love *and* reaſon, *both neceſſary*, v. 53, etc. Self-love *the ſtronger, and why*, v. 67, etc. *Their end the ſame*, v. 81, etc. III. *The* PASSIONS, *and their uſe*, v. 93, to 130. *The* predominant paſſion, *and its force*, v. 132 to 160. *Its neceſſity, in directing men to different purpoſes*, v. 165, etc. *Its providential uſe, in fixing our principle, and aſcertaining our virtue*, v. 177. IV. Virtue *and* vice *joined in our* mixed nature; *the limits near, yet the things* ſeparate *and* evident: *what is the office of* reaſon, v. 202 to 216. V. *How odious* vice *in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it*, v. 217. VI. *That, however, the* ends *of* providence *and* general good *are anſwered in our paſſions and imperfections*, v. 238, etc. *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all* orders of men, v. 241. *How uſeful they are to* ſociety, v. 251. *And to the* individuals, v. 263. *In every* ſtate, *and every* age *of life*, v. 273, etc.

1. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowlege for the ſceptic ſide, 5
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a god, or beaſt;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 2. ed. 1ſt.
The only ſcience of mankind is man.

Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall; 15
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world! [guides,
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where ſcience
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides; 20

VARIATIONS.

After. v. 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this ſtate can bear,
In vain we ſigh, heav'n made us as we are.
As wiſely ſure a modeſt ape might aim
To be like man, whoſe faculties and frame
He ſees, he feels, as you or I to be
An angel thing we neither know nor ſee.
Obſerve how near he edges on our race:
What human tricks! how riſible of face!
It muſt be ſo—why elſe have I the ſenſe
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why elſe to walk on two ſo oft eſſay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a maid?
So pug might plead, and call his gods unkind,
Till ſet on end and married to his mind.
Go, reas'ning thing! aſſume the doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca ſevere:
Fix moral fitneſs, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyſelf, etc.—

Inſtruct

Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the ſun;
Go, ſoar with Plato, to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the ſun.
Go, teach eternal Wiſdom how to rule---
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool! 30

Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a Newton as we ſhew an ape.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 21. ed. 4th and 5th.
Show by what rules the wand'ring planets ſtray,
Correct old time, and teach the ſun his way.

Could he, whoſe rules the rapid comet bind, 35
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art; 40
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reaſon weaves, by paſſion is undone.

Trace ſcience then, with modeſty thy guide;
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dreſs, 45
Or learning's luxury, or idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Of all, our vices have created arts; 50

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 35. ed. 1ſt.
Could he, who taught each planet where to roll,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of the ſoul?
Who mark'd their points to riſe or to deſcend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?

Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good nor that a bad we call, 55
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all good, to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void, 65
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impells, inſpires,
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe. 70

Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its object's nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens reaſon, and ſelf-love reſtrains. 80
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, ſenſe and reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a name, 85
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.

VARIATIONS.

After v. 86 in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted fools.
Of good and evil reaſon puzzled ſchools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

Self-love and reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood, 91
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of Self-love the paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide, 95
And reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome virtue's name. 100

In lazy apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is exerciſe, not reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul, 105
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.

On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes man, can man deſtroy?
Suffice that reaſon keep to nature's road, 115
Subject, compound them, follow her and God:
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind: 120

VARIATIONS.

After v. 108. in the MS.

A tedious voyage! where how uſeleſs lies
The compaſs, if no pow'rful guſts ariſe?

After v. 112. in the MS.

The ſoft reward the virtuous, or invite;
The fierce, the vicious puniſh or affright.

The lights and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.

Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect, riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find, 125
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame; 130
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length, 135
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul: 140

Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurſe; 145
Wit, ſpirit, faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſow'r.
We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey: 150
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader to perſuade 155
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he hath driv'n them out. 160

Yes,

Yes, nature's road muſt ever be prefer'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends, 165
And ſev'ral men impels to ſev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowlege, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe; 170
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reaſon on their ſide.
Th' eternal Art, educing good from ill, 175
Grafts on this paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt virtues thus from paſſions ſhoot,
Wild nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear 185
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.

VARIATIONS.

After v. 194. in the MS.

How oft, with paſſion, virtue points her charms!
Then ſhines the hero, then the patriot warms.
Peleus' great ſon, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a whore, or Helen none?
But virtues oppoſite to make agree,
That, reaſon! is thy taſk; and worthy thee.
Hard taſk, cries Bibulus, and reaſon weak.
——Make it a point, dear marqueſs! or a pique.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine: 200
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce, 205
In man they join to some mysterious use;

VARIATIONS.

Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay
A debt to reason, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong have mortals suffer'd more?
B——for his prince, or * * for his whore?
Whose self-denials nature most controul?
His, who would save a sixpence or his soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his sin,
Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin?
What we resolve, we can: but here's the fault,
We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 210
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain; 215
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;

VARIATIONS.

After v. 220. in the 1ſt edition, followed theſe,

A cheat! a whore! who ſtarts not at the name,
In all the inns of court or Drury-lane?

In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where:
No creature owns it in the firſt degree, 225
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill; 235
For, vice or virtue, ſelf directs it ſtill;

VARIATIONS.

After v. 226 in the MS.

The col'nel ſwears the agent is a dog,
The ſcriv'ner vows th' attorney is a rogue.
Againſt the thief th' attorney loud inveighs,
For whoſe ten pound the county twenty pays.
The thief damns judges, and the knaves of ſtate;
And dying, mourns ſmall villains hang'd by great.

Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But HEAV'N's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice; 240
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crouds belief:
That virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
Bids each on other for assistance call,
'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;

Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away. 260

Whate'er the paſſion, knowlege, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his muſe. 270

See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law, 275
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:

Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
'Till tir'd he ſleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by hope ſupply'd, 285
And each vacuity of ſenſe by pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowlege can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain; 290
Ev'n mean ſelf-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, tho' man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE III.

ARGUMENT.

Of the nature and ſtate of Man with reſpect to Society.

I. *THE whole univerſe one ſyſtem of ſociety*, v. 7, etc. *Nothing made wholly for* itſelf, *nor yet wholly for* another, v. 27. *The happineſs of* animals *mutual*, v. 49. II. Reaſon *or* inſtinct *operate alike to the good of each individual*, v. 79. Reaſon *or* inſtinct *operate alſo to ſociety in all animals*, v. 109. III. *How far* ſociety *carried by inſtinct*, v. 115. *How much farther by reaſon*, v. 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* ſtate of nature, v. 144. *Reaſon inſtructed by inſtinct in the invention of* arts, v. 166. *And in the forms of* ſociety, v. 176. V. *Origin of political ſocieties*, v. 196. *Origin of monarchy*, v. 207. *Patriarchal government*, v. 212. VI. *Origin of true religion and government, from the ſame principle, of love*, v. 231. etc. *Origin of ſuperſtition and tyranny, from the ſame principle, of fear*, v. 237, etc. *The influence of ſelf-love operating to the* ſocial *and* public *good*, v. 266. *Reſtoration of true religion and government on their firſt principle*, v. 285. *Mixt government*, v. 288. *Various forms of each, and the true end of all*, v. 300, etc.

HERE then we reſt: "The univerſal cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day; 5
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plaſtic nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend, 10
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. in ſeveral edit. in 4to.
Learn, dulneſs, learn! "The univerſal cauſe, etc.

See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain, 15
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return. 20
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving ſoul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made beaſt in aid of man, and man of beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone; 25
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn: 30
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride, 35
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer: 40
The hog, that plows not nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children ſhall divide her care;
The fur, that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe: 46
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

VARIATIONS.

After v. 46. in the former editions,

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Gooſe could judge, he reaſon'd right;
But as to man, miſtook the matter quite.

Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole: 50
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings? 55
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride: 60
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury,
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſages ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt, 65
And, 'till he ends the being, makes it bleſt;

Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch etherial ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er! 70

To each unthinking being, heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowlege of its end:
To man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear, 75
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reaſon, or with inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt; 80
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.

VER. 68. *Than favour'd man, etc.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals ſince, eſteemed thoſe who were ſtruck by lightning as ſacred perſons, and the particular favourites of heaven.

Say, where full inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt, 85
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-ſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human wit; 90
Sure by quick nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs 95
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

VARIATIONS.

After v. 84. in the MS.

While man, with opening views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowlege ſtrays;
Too weak to chuſe, yet chuſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food? 100
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore 105
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds: 110
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bleſs,
On mutual wants built mutual happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning aether keeps, 115
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.

Not

Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood, 120
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend, 125
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race. 130
A longer care man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love;
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn; 135
Each virtue in each paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.

Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those: 140
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly [trod;
The state of nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man. 150
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:

Heav'n's attribute was univerſal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare. 160
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds, 165
And ev'ry death it's own avenger breeds;
The fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer ſavage, man.

See him from nature riſing ſlow to art!
To copy inſtinct then was reaſon's part; 170
Thus then to man the voice of nature ſpake—
" Go, from the creatures thy inſtructions take:
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
" Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive; 175
" Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;

" Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind: 180
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall people's genius, policies,
" The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow, 185
" And anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as nature, and as fix'd as fate. 190
" In vain thy reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle juſtice in her net of law,

Ver. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus*] Oppian. Halieut. lib. i. deſcribes this fiſh in the following manner: " They ſwim on " the ſurface of the ſea, on the back of their ſhells, which exactly " reſemble the hulk of a ſhip; they raiſe two feet like maſts, and " extends a membrane between, which ſerves as a ſail; the other " two feet they employ as oars at the ſide. They are uſually " ſeen in the mediterranean."

" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway, 195
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe arts mere inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great nature ſpoke; obſervant men obey'd;
Cities were built, ſocieties were made: 200

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the firſt editions,
Who for thoſe arts they learn'd of brutes before,
As kings ſhall crown them, or as gods adore.

VER. 201. *here roſe one little ſtate, etc.*] in the MS. thus.
The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common ſpot;
And love was nature's dictate, murder, not.
For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
Plain nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and ſtreams around.
No treaſure then for rapine to invade,
What need to fight for ſun-ſhine or for ſhade?
And half the cauſe of conteſt was remov'd,
When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow, 205
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown,
'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 210
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made. [sate,

VI. 'Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch
King, priest, and parent of his growing state; 215
On him, their second providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220

Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.
'Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd 225
One great firſt father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple reaſon never ſought but one: 230
Ere wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
Man, like his maker, ſaw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleaſure, trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then; 235
For nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſov'reign being but a ſov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
'Till superstition taught the tyrant awe, 246
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
She 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground, 250
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes; 255
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;

Such

Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' etherial vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the flamen taſted living food; 265
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives ſelf-love, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt: 270
The ſame ſelf-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake, 275
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.

Forc'd into virtue thus by ſelf-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence: 280
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then, the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, roſe but to reſtore 285
The faith and moral, nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught pow'r's due uſe to people and to kings,
Taught nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings, 290
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
'Till jarring int'reſts, of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd ſtate.
Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings 295
From order, union, full conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;

More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt; 300
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, man, or angel, ſervant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt;
For modes of faith let graceleſs zealots fight; 305
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will diſagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bleſs mankind or mend. 310

Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the ſun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the ſoul; 315
And one regards itſelf, and one the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade ſelf-love and ſocial be the ſame.

EPISTLE IV.

ARGUMENT.

Of the nature and ſtate of Man with reſpect to Happineſs.

I. *FALSE notions of happineſs, philoſophical and popular, anſwered from* v. 19 *to* 77. II. *It is the end of all men, and attainable by all,* v. 30. *God intends happineſs to be* equal; *and to be ſo, it muſt be* ſocial, *ſince all particular happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by* general, *not* particular laws, v. 37. *As it is neceſſary for* order, *and the peace and welfare of* ſociety, *that* external goods *ſhould be* unequal, *happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe,* v. 51. *But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the* balance *of happineſs among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two paſſions of* hope *and* fear, v. 70. III. *What the happineſs of* individuals *is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the* good man *has here the advantage,* v. 77. *The error of imputing to* virtue *what are only the calamities of* nature, *or of* fortune, v. 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general laws in*

favour of particulars, v. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest*, v. 133, etc. VI. *That* external goods *are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue*, v. 165. *That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in* riches, v. 183. Honours, v. 191. Nobility, v. 203. Greatness, v. 215. Fame, v. 235. Superior talents, v. 257, etc. *With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all*, v. 267, etc. VII. *That* virtue only *constitutes a happiness, whose object is* universal, *and whose prospect* eternal, v. 307, etc. *That the* perfection *of* virtue *and* happiness *consists in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* resignation *to it here and hereafter*, v, 326, etc.

OH happineſs! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleaſure, eaſe, content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? 10

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Oh happineſs! etc.*] in the MS. thus,

Oh happineſs! to which we all aſpire,
Wing'd with ſtrong hope, and borne by full deſire;
That eaſe, for which in want, in wealth we ſigh;
That eaſe, for which we labour and we die.

Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian lawrels yield,
Or reap'd in iron haveſts of the field? [toil,
Where grows?—where grows it not? if vain our
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere, 15
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free, [thee.
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with

Aſk of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind; 20
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe;
Some ſunk to beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to gods, confeſs ev'n virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that happineſs is happineſs?

Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive; 30

Obvious

Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is common ſenſe, and common eaſe.

Remember, man, "the univerſal cauſe 35
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind. 40
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think, 45
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.

Order is heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt, 50

More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase; 55
All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing:
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend: 60
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?

VARIATIONS.

After v. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuse, there poorly saves,
"And for one monarch makes a thousand slaves.
You'll find, when causes and their ends are known,
'Twas for the thousand heav'n has made that one.

If then to all men happineſs was meant, 65
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in hope, and theſe in fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe, 71
But future views of better, or of worſe.

Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys, 75
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,

VARIATIONS.

After v. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a ſtay:
The reſt mad fortune gives or takes away.
All other bliſs by accident's debar'd;
But virtue's, in the inſtant, a reward;
In hardeſt trials operates the beſt,
And more is reliſh'd as the more diſtreſt.

Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health conſiſts with temperance alone; 81
And peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight, 85
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and diſdains: 90
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy bliſs to vice, to virtue woe!

VARIATIONS.

After v. 92. in MS.

Let ſober moraliſts correct their ſpeech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt, 95
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See god-like Turenne proſtrate on the duſt! 100
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the ſon expire, 105
Why, full of days and honour, lives the ſire?
Why drew Marſeille's good biſhop purer breath,
When nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial ill is univerſal good,

Or change admits or nature lets it fall; 115
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his loud father gave the dire disease. 120
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause,
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws!

Shall burning Aetna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
On air or sea new motions be impress, 125
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? 130

VARIATIONS.

After v. 116. in the MS.
Of ev'ry evil, since the world began,
The real source is not in God, but man.

But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have!
A kingdom of the juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care; 135
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin heav'n's own ſpirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your virtue, puniſh mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.---This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Caeſar---but for Titus too: 146

VARIATIONS.

After v. 142. in ſome editions,
Give each a ſyſtem, all muſt be at ſtrife;
What diff'rent ſyſtems for a man and wife;

And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
Or he whoſe virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes virtue ſtarves, while vice is fed."
What then? is the reward of virtue bread? 150
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er? [pow'r?"
"No---ſhall the good want health, the good want
Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n? 161
Why is not man a God, and earth a heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand; 165
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?

What

What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a conq'ror's ſword, or truth a gown,
Or public ſpirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:

VARIATIONS.

After v. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for ſearching heads or honeſt hearts.

How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust, 185
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind, 190
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year,
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made, 195
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool. 200
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,

Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella. 204

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great. 210
Go; if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards! 215
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. *Boaſt the pure blood, etc.*] in the MS. thus,

The richeſt blood, right-honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May ſwell thy heart and gallop in thy breaſt,
Without one daſh of uſher or of prieſt:
Thy pride as much deſpiſe all other pride,
As Chriſt-church once all colleges beſide.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies.
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise; 225
All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great; 230
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The fame (my lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living, as a Caesar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine, 245
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave; 250
When what t'oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs 255
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;

And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 260
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand. 266
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount: 270
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?

To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. 280
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! thoſe to ruin, theſe betray. 290
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe.
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, ſunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold;

Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame! 300
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below." 310
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;

The

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than virtue's very tears: 320
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain, 325
Since but to wiſh more virtue, is to gain.

See the ſole bliſs heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:

VARIATIONS.

After v. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it ſeems unequal to diſpoſe,
And checquers all the good man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to ſupport each ſtate,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raiſe his baſe on that one ſolid joy,
Which conſcience gives, and nothing can deſtroy.

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road, 331
But looks thro' nature, up to nature's God;
Purſues that chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know, 335
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this union of the riſing whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN. 340
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why nature plants in man alone 345
Hope of known bliſs, and faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)

Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss; 350
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart? 355
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity. 360

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds, 365
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;

Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind; 370
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends, 375
To man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere: 380
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 373. *Come then, my friend! etc.*] In the MS. thus,
And now tranſported o'er ſo vaſt a plain,
While the wing'd courſer flies with all her rein,
While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing ſhe feels,
Now ſcatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my St. John! keep her courſe in ſight,
Confine her fury and aſſiſt her flight?

Oh! while along the ſtream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail, 385
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend? 390
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's falſe mirror held up nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim; 395
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our bliſs below;
And all our knowlege is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 397. *That virtue only, etc.*] in the MS. thus,
That juſt to find a God is all we can,
And all the ſtudy of mankind is man.

Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When the tired eye, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose long-drawn pomp, whose trophies, whose fame,
Shall close this verse to future age proclaim,
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the muse's ear
From lowly subjects to the sphere;
From low to high doth dare to soar,
And see the mind's eye to the heart;
For wisdom's mine, and hold up nature's light,
Show erring pride, whatever is right;
That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATIONS.

ver. 327. This verse only, in the MS. thus,
They fall to find a God in all we can,
And all the body of mankind is man.

THE

UNIVERSAL

PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

THE

UNIVERSAL

PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, or by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood;
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quick'ned by thy breath;
Oh lead me wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all being raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

THE END.